

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXIX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1900.

NUMBER 51

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## Christmas Bells are Ringing

In the name of the blessed Child,  
A blessing on children all;  
On children gentle and wild,  
Whatever their color or race,  
The fair and the swarthy face,  
In cottage and tent and hall.

Lo, children are everywhere,  
Like snowflakes in the air,  
And the wide, wide world is bound,  
By small hands meeting round,

For them are joy-bells rung,  
For them have the angels sung,  
How Love to this world was born  
In the shape of a Child that morn!

Thus under the Christmas star,  
Young voices from near and far  
Are chanting the golden strains  
That swelled over Bethlehem's plains.

"Glory to God in the highest!  
Peace to men of good will."  
But the loving child is highest  
The kingdom of Jesus still.

## A Romance of Xmas.

No matter where men may be, no matter how far away from home they may go or how long they may stay away, when Christmas comes their minds revert to the loved ones of their childhood—tender memories of a mother, a sister, perhaps a sweetheart, are revived, and a longing seizes them to be back again amid the old familiar scenes.

With each recurrence of the glad season which heralds peace on earth to men of good will, this longing crept in to Richard Jennings' heart, stifling all interest in the fluctuations of wool on 'Change, and making positively distasteful to him all talk about the prospects of next year's cotton crop or the rumored Wall street combine to effect a "corner" in wheat. Whenever Christmas approached, he began to realize his loneliness, and he regarded—with envy—the people hurrying along the street carrying bundles of toys and candles and costlier presents to their homes.

Home! That sacred place is not to be violated at such a season by the presents of a stranger, and Richard Jennings' Christmases were spent alone. He was always glad when they were over, and he could again become absorbed in business cares.

For the past ten years he had been a member of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange, and was rated at \$100,000. He had no taste for society, and although he belonged to several of the best clubs in that charming old town, he could not be called a clubman. His tastes, his cravings, were domestic, but they remained unsatisfied. Little was known of his previous history. He was not communicative, and his business acquaintances were not inquisitive.

One evening, just four days before Christmas, Mr. Jennings returned to his handsomely furnished residence and astonished his housekeeper by telling her was "going home for Christmas." She had been in his service for more than five years and believed that all his relatives were dead, as she had never heard him speak of them.

"Here's something for you for Christmas," he said, handing her a \$10 bill, "and I hope you'll enjoy yourself. I'm going east."

Sarah, in her rich, honest brogue, thanked him.

There was a new light in his face, Sarah, who was shrewd, noticed it. For 17 years this man had been away from home, and during his absence his parents had died, while he was riding wild ponies in Texas or digging gold in Colorado, or gambling it away in Kansas City faster than he had gathered it.

As the train sped eastward over the level lands of Illinois and Indiana, through the rich farm lands of Ohio, and then amid the wooded hills and streams of his own native Pennsylvania—fairer than them all—his mind traveled backward from the present Richard Jennings, successful broker and respectable member of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange, to the dissipated days of his fresh young manhood, when his wild life had separated him forever from one he could never forget.

As the train approached Philadelphia and he looked out of the window at the numerous domes and spires and cupolas, he reflected how time, which had wrought such a difference in the appearance of the city, must have changed the sweet girl of 18, from whom his own misdeeds had sundered him.

The had been sweethearts in childhood. But old Ezra Kent, her father, was a stern man, and when stories got abroad about the dissipated set of which Richard soon became the leader, and when one day he came home from his counting house and found Richard—"Dick" everybody called him then—intoxicated, he said it was the last time Eleanor should receive him. She was a dutiful girl. It wounded her life, but she obeyed. The Kents came of stern stuff, and beneath Eleanor's gentle womanliness lay heroic strength.

After that Richard Jennings' intoxicated habits became a public scandal, and when his sister married Will McCray, a promising young lawyer (Eleanor was maid of honor), he disappeared from home.

Now he was returning, a very different man, and regretful that he had staid away so long. It was such a short journey from the Mississippi to the Schuylkill he wondered that he had not before summoned enough courage to return. Seventeen years!

For the twentieth time he drew forth a letter and read it with the same absorbed interest as if for the first time.

DEAR DICK—Will met Mr. Coles last week. He had just come from St. Louis and said he met you there. You na y boy! Why have you never written or come home to see us? We want you to spend Christmas with us. All the children are crazy to see you. There are five now. The baby, a beautiful girl, is 10 months old and has two teeth. The children often talk about Uncle Dick. Eleanor has told them so many Tom Brown at Rugby sort of stories about you when you were at the university. Mr. Kent failed four years ago and died last March. Eleanor and her mother still live in the old house. They are very poor. Eleanor teaches music and sings at St. Bride's. Mrs. Kent looks very old, but she sews beautifully and makes the prettiest things for the baby. Do come and spend Christmas with us. The children are dying to see you, and so am I and Will. Every your loving sister,  
MARY MCCRAY.

P. S.—The children's name are Mary, Alex—he's named after father, of course—Sam, Dick—after you—and Eleanor, the baby. She's a little angel!

The street where Richard Jennings, home was, where he was born, and where his married sister still lived, had once been fashionable. You could tell that from the houses—big, broad, roomy, old-fashioned brick residences of a bygone day, with quaint colonial doorways, elaborately carved, the lintels in many cases supported by the classic Ionic or Doric columns affected by the builders of a century ago.

But their glory had departed. The spirit of decay had fallen upon them, and the children of those who built them had moved to finer and more modern homes.

But the Jenningses and the Kents were an exception. They had withstood the general exodus and continued to live in the house which had been their family roof-tree for nigh a hundred years. They were plain, quiet, conservative people, and not of the "smart" sort, like the gay, fashionable families who had all moved away.

"Here's Uncle Dick!" shouted the boys, as they grabbed his big traveling bag almost before the hackman had time to carry it into the hallway.

Hugs and kisses were exchanged all around, and his sister wept a few sweet memorial tears. He had grown so like his father, she thought. Ah, if mother could see him now—that mother whose patient, loving face, was pictured on canvas in the quaint old-fashioned frame hanging on the parlor wall.

His nephew, Alex, a handsome lad, led him up to the same room in the old fashioned house which he had occupied when a boy, furnished with the same high-backed rush-seated chairs, and the low bed, with tall, carved corner posts; the old prints and knickknacks and books. And over the fireplace was a photograph of Eleanor Kent!

He threw himself into a chair, overcome with emotion at the many memories of his younger days, that arose before him like ghosts from the past.

In the afternoon he went out with his two oldest nephews, Alex and Sam, to see the shop windows, and when they returned all three had their arms filled with presents.

He was very happy. If some of those married fellows in St. Louis could see him now! The sense of loneliness which had haunted him for years was gone, and yet—in a

week he would be back again in that quiet house of his in St. Louis, with no other occupant save the faithful Sarah Burns!

It was Christmas eve. All the lights were burning brightly in the McCray mansion. Uncle Dick and the children—he had never realized before what good companions children were—had been busy all afternoon decorating the huge Christmas tree. Against evening it was a glorious sight to behold. The children had never been so happy. All of them had gotten an unusually large number of presents. Uncle Dick alone had bought three and four each, even the baby. In the big sitting room the presents were displayed on an old mahogany table that reminded you of some wild beast of the forest when you gazed down at the formidable looking claws which served for its feet. But the table could not contain them all, so several chairs were placed on either side of it to hold the overflow exhibition.

As the evening waned, Uncle Dick and Papa McCray lit their cigars and went out for a walk.

They had been gone but a few minutes when there was a ring at the door bell, and Eleanor Kent and her aged mother entered, both bringing presents for the children.

Although dressed very plainly, Eleanor never looked handsomer. The 17 years which had passed since her early and only love affair had touched her lightly. She was now 35, but looked much younger.

She was a great favorite with the children, who called her "Aunt Eleanor." They showed her the tree, the presents and then—"Uncle Dick's home," they said, watching her face to see a reflection there of their own delight at the return of one whom she had so often told them about. But only a little nervous smile trembled on her lips and died. And very soon afterward she must return home. She must write the names of her Sunday school scholars in the pretty, cheap books had bought for them, and practice the offertory she was to sing on the morrow, and, and—

But the children would not hear of it. They dragged her to the piano and forced her to play for them as they sang "Jolly Old St. Nicholas." They shouted the rollicking song with such a lusty chorus that old Mrs. Kent was afraid they would awaken the baby, whose wrath when angered was terrible, but Mrs. McCray reassured her and begged Eleanor to sing the offertory she was to sing at St. Bride's, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night." But Eleanor didn't know it without music. Her hands strayed over the keys, making little impromptu chords and cadences and then struck the prelude to Tosti's "Memories," one of those songs that play upon the human heartstrings. Many a time when alone she sang it, but it was not a song for Christmas eve; it was too sad.

As Richard Jennings and his brother-in-law re-entered the house, the sound of her rich, sweet voice reached their ears.

"Who is singing?" asked Richard.

"It's Eleanor Kent," was the reply.

Low and clear and sweet the words, molten into music, reached their ears:

"There is no note of all your songs of yore  
That does not speak to me of you once more.  
There is no place we two have ever seen  
That does not whisper of the might have been."

There is no path of all that once we knew  
That does not hold some memories of you.  
Still though they call the wild tears to mine eyes  
I would not yield them for a paradise.

The two men entered the room softly, and Eleanor went on singing, unconscious of their presence:

"There is no hand clasp that you ever gave,  
That does not live, though love be in its grave."

Richard Jennings drew nearer to his old sweetheart, gazing intently at her lovely face. An instant later and he held her in his arms and imprinted a fervent kiss on her blushing cheek.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The deepest well on our Atlantic coast is said to be at the silk works near Northampton, Mass.; depth, 3,700 feet.

## A Titled Street Musician.

On Christmas day a few years ago, while traversing Cheapside, London, I saw a group of persons staiding on the sidewalk, listening with apparent great interest to the merry strains of a hand organ mounted on wheels. The instrument was played by a pretty-faced, well-dressed female, and a pale-faced, handsome young man went around the crowd hat in hand, soliciting the charity of those present.

An inscription on the organ, stating that Viscount Hinton was forced by adverse circumstances to adopt this means of securing subsistence for his wife and himself, explained the presence of the crowd and the interest manifested in the performance. After bestowing my dole, I inquired how a man of his rank became reduced to such straits.

He very affably and in the choicest language informed me that since his father's third marriage he had failed to make any provision for him, and having no profession he adopted street organ playing as a means of procuring a living. He added further that he was hopeful his father would relent, if not out of regard for his son at least to save the family from disgrace. Earl Paulet, the father, a short time afterward secured an injunction prohibiting his son from the use of the offensive announcement on his hand organ. I am not aware whether Viscount Hinton continued his perambulations as a street musician after this injunction, so damaging to his vocation, was enforced. N. M.

## Christmas.

Everybody knows what Christmas means. It is the day of days, and the gladdest festival of the year.

And to the gold and glitter of the marble palaces of the rich, and the plucking poverty of the hungry hovels of the poor, there comes a glimpse of better things—better hearts and brighter hopes, on Christmas morn. The past brings its happiest memories and the future its most joyous anticipations, to make all golden the chiefest of holidays. To the young the day presents the most pleasing prospect. To the old it brings precious retrospect. It is a day of retrospection and of summing up life "since last Christmas." Sentiment rules for the hour and the grasp and greed of the world is, for the time being, set aside, and Love rules. It is the occasion on which all are made to feel that

"It is the heart and not the brain  
That to the highest doth attain."

The whole world is born again and becomes as a little child on Christmas morn. It is the children's day, in the enjoyment of which no one who will not think as a child has as part.

## His Second Thought.

A lively youngster in Newport had a great desire to become the owner of a goat, so one day shortly before Christmas he called up the chimney register to apprise Santa Claus of his wish. Hailing the old gentlemen supposed to inhabit these regions, he told his story in these words: "Santa Claus, I want a goat. Send me a goat for Christmas." Now, it happened that the boy's father was in the room above, and, hearing the appeal, sent back the answer down the chimney: "You can't have a goat." The little fellow, not at all frightened at this unexpected reply was equal to the situation, and he sent back to Santa Claus this defiant response: "Well, then, keep your old goat! I don't want it, anyhow."—Golden Days.

## The True Christmas Spirit

The best Christmas gift that any one can give to the world is the manifestation of a spirit of mutual confidence, consideration and helpfulness. Wherever and whenever that spirit supplants the unlovely trait of warring individual greed, the good seed is sown again to multiply in other minds.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

## MORE WAYSIDE TALES, AND A LITTLE GINGER.

There are times when one is fain to pray to be delivered from the tender mercies of one's friends.

We received quite a batch of clippings some time ago, from an old friend, and, from the marginal notes, we have but recently (such is our density) gathered that they were meant to assist us in finding something to write about. Shades of the Greeks! and has it come to this—that one who dares handle the pen is supposed to draw his inspirations from the writings of others?

Just there is where our well-meaning friend has trodden upon the tender toes of our vanity. Since we first sat in the teacher's lap to spell out the wonderful words in a bright green primer, and sent a titter through the room by such announcements as "The ockth eath hay," "the gooth hitheth," (The ox eats hay. The goose hisses,) we've insisted that we must not be helped, and never has it occurred to us to hunt in books or periodicals for ideas. As we answered our dear old father, once, when he read a childish effusion of ours and demanded of us, "Where did you get that?" we invariably look for ideas, "In my head!"

Whatever other literary sins we may be guilty of, the day is yet to come when a critic can with reason accuse us of plagiarism.

It is a notorious and lamentable thing that a small per cent. of the graduates of our schools (for the deaf) and college, write their own essays, and when they do write them, the majority "go foraging" in books, magazines and newspapers, picking up a phrase here, a sentence there, until the result is fearful and wonderful. We remember when the head teacher of our own good old alma mater came to us in despair, and begged us to see if we could reduce the jumble of words he carried in his hand—a young lady's "essay"—to anything like sense, declaring he could do nothing with it—it "drove him crazy," old hand though he was.

In the somewhat large collection of essays, valedictories, which we have preserved from the various commencements we have attended, we have two valedictories printed from the same school, written two years apart; the first of which is entirely original, although it was an open secret that it was written for, not by, the fair valedictorian.

In the second of these two papers, several short phrases and figures of speech, and one entire paragraph, are reproduced "bodily," and a conceited prig of a chap, a semi-mute, with foot-ball hair, stood up and delivered the valedictory as of his own composition entirely.

We could only wonder if any one else remembered the words in the valedictory of two years before.

And the pernicious practice of "copying" and "borrowing" is not confined to one or two schools, but is common in most, if not all.

Is there no remedy?

Copying stunts, originality assists, progress in the acquisition of the pupil's language.

As for our own case, if we have anything to write or say, we say it or write it, (the compositor may here declare that we *scrawl* it,) and say it or write it in our own way, be that praiseworthy or blame-worthy: if we have nothing to say, we say nothing, and at all times we should as soon think of stealing a patent, or anything else, which belonged strictly to one person, as to steal that person's words.

In writing about some particular subject which calls for data, of course we should consult an encyclopedia, history, or any other work necessary, to be sure we were giving the exact facts—otherwise ridiculous errors might creep in—but the language must flow from our own "think-tank," or never flow at all via our pen.

Just here we recall a funny little attempt at being "smart," made by a lady teacher (deaf) several years ago. She complained to us that the deaf ladies were planning a social club, and while they were planning, the deaf gentlemen got ahead of them and formed a club and proceeded to work. The young lady said, "In revenge, I named their club the 'Copy-Cat Club,'" and declared that the head teacher

(hearing, of course,) told her that it was a good name.

We hope he long ago repented of his sin, in encouraging the young lady in being ludicrous, and to this day we wonder where the *cat* idea came from.

Possibly it is another proof of our density, but we can see no sense whatever in the expression, "copy-cat." Can any of our readers?

We once picked up, while calling, an autograph album, and found on the fly-leaf, copied word for word and without alteration or addition, our own dedication of an album presented to us, and which the owner of this album had kept for a considerable time.

Our astonishment was equalled only by our indignation, and the exclamation, "You thief!" was out before we could check it.

The owner tore the telltale leaf from the album, but to this day we find it hard to believe that *anything* from that particular person's pen is not borrowed from some one or other. Impressions stick.

There was a chap attending the Chicago convention, whose conversation, albeit somewhat lacking in polish, interested us. He seemed so genuine, so unaffected, and—what struck us as being quite unusual in a "mute,"—so ready to listen to argument or reasoning, and to admit himself in error. He evidently had a very sincere admirer in a plump young lady who accompanied him to some of the entertainments, while he as evidently admired another young lady who seemed quite heart-whole and fancy-free, enjoying the society of whomsoever she chanced to be with at the time. On the boat, the young man with his plump "steady" sat near the independent young lady, and ever and anon the latter was the object of the young man's attention.

Finally, with perhaps a lingering desire to make an old-time rival look small in the lady's eyes, he asked: "Do you remember when I was president of the literary society at school and, (naming one of the most prominent of the Chicago deaf, who was quite active in arranging the day's pleasure,) was secretary? He kept talking to you from his seat on the platform, and I called him sharply to order by commanding him to *stop it*." Before the chuckle with which he wound up was half developed, the reply came cuttingly, "Oh pshaw! you were jealous," and we confess to admiring that chap when, letting the exultation die out of his face, he answered, quietly and candidly—"That is true." Bravo! We wish more were like him. He showed himself a man. He took his medicine.

But at the banquet we were rudely shocked by a evidence of his before-mentioned lack of polish.

As Fate would have it, he and his plump Dulcinea were seated directly opposite that "other girl" and her partner, and as usual, the plump one was neglected for the "other."

Before long, the observations of the young man elicited from his *vis-a-vis* the remark, "I'll warrant that you never attended a banquet before." If the fellow was nettled, he did not turn a hair of his red head, and we wondered, vaguely, if he was trying to show her how patient and long-suffering he could be, in the hope of awakening some appreciation. By and by he ventured to be sociable again. "What does that water bottle look like?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye. His *vis-a-vis*, probably foreseeing another "break" and wishing to prevent it, looked him full in the eye and said with quiet intensity, "It looks like a water-bottle." But his nibs was not to be suppressed, for he thought he had a good one. "No," he rejoined, "it looks like a *spilloon*!" But instead of the laugh he had expected to compel, his *vis-a-vis* gave him a look of telling severity. "At the table," was all she said in words, then, when her icy look had taken effect and the would-be humorist saw his mistake, she dropped her eyes to her plate, but seemed hesitating about eating any more.

Then the plump one taking in the situation, told her partner he must apologize, for the lady was offended. Very humbly the erring

one craved pardon, which was granted at once but with the injunction appended, "Don't do it again."

Truly, our convention experience was valuable to us, for we are fond of character study, and we made many observations—while remaining unobserved—and that young man with the red hair but evident good heart, proved quite an interesting study. With proper home training and a little polish added to his natural intellectual and moral qualities, he would have been a member of our fraternity, whose presence would now be felt, instead of the insignificant member he so evidently is. His rudeness of expression shocks, while his manliness and sincerity compel admiration.

In the book of prominent deaf people—not all who are prominent enough to disturb the spherical shape of Terra Firma—is a picture of a youngish man, who is not married but would like to be.

Calling one Sabbath evening upon a lady who was visiting in the city, he found her in such good spirits and so entertaining, that not content with remaining later than etiquette prescribes, he sent her a "hymn of devotion" in the form of a letter the next morning, telling her he never saw her so pretty as on the evening before, that he knew she was happy, etc., etc., and begging her to set aside all the engagements she had for the week, and give every evening to him. Aside from being by no means in love with the fellow—an old schoolmate—she had "other strings to her bow," and the assumption by her caller that he was the cause of her happiness, "roiled" her exceedingly.

After a consultation of war with her hostess, she penned a reply which sent the aspiring chap to the saloon for consolation, and made him consider further calls unadvisable. Shortly afterwards she left for home—was "gone but not forgotten."

One day when the mail arrived, she received a carefully wrapped and beautifully addressed packet, a foot long and nearly as wide, at the top of which was written and underscored, "Please handle with care!" Untying the yards of string with which it was neatly bound, she found between cardboard, a lithograph of the caller who thought her happiness was increased by his presence on that Sabbath evening.

Query:—Were extra lithographs of all the "prominent deaf," whose pictures appeared in Gallaher's book, supplied to them, or did the handsome (?) ones order extra later, for presentation to ladies whom they desired to impress? That chap is still waiting to know if that particular lithograph reached its destination.

If he reads this, he will know; our information is authentic. We are acquainted with the lady.

We recently received a "family group" photograph of some valued friends of ours, and were thunder-struck to note that our boyish-faced friend of "the days of lang syne," had—perhaps the better to sustain his dignity as father of two dainty little maidens—raised a beard that makes him look like an anarchist—at least in the photograph. Off with it, you villain! As our best girl says: "A man who will cover up a dimpled chin with any kind of a beard that ever grew, is guilty of a crime."

The *petite* wife of our friend in the photograph perhaps does not agree with our "best girl" in the dimpled chin question, yet we think she should insist upon the removal of that beard, as it hides a particularly fine chin.

But beard or no beard, we prize the photograph and have it in a conspicuous place on the bookcase. We shall be disappointed if more photographs from the same camera do not reach us from time to time, for they are always received with open arms. Of books and pictures we can never get enough—not if we have to keep buying albums and bookcases until the house will hold naught else.

Our latest addition to our library is Rudyard Kipling's "Under the Deodars,"—from a fair admirer, whom we confess to admiring more than we do Kipling.

SMITH.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the  
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man;

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest

'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

## The Story of Santa Claus.

Long, long ago, so the story tells, it was the night before Christmas, in a north country far away.

A little boy named Hans and a little girl named Freda sat before the fire. The flames lit up the small room. Hans and Freda were very poor, and their father and mother were dead; so they lived with their old grandmother, who was sitting in a small wooden rocking chair knitting.

Now Christmas time had come. Grandma had told them it was a time for giving; and Hans and Freda had been working for weeks making little gifts and thinking how to make each other happy.

They were happy as they sat thinking of the glad surprise they had prepared for Christmas day; how the widow who lived nearby would find her winter fuel gathered for her, and how they had made a crutch for a poor little boy who fell on the ice and broke his leg; and of their pet pigeons for which a Christmas feast of seeds and crumbs had been prepared; and they were very happy when they thought of the surprise they had for dear grandmamma.

At length the light faded in the room and grandma said, "It is time children were in bed." They undressed by the fireplace, and as grandma helped remove their little clothes, she said, "What makes your stockings so damp, my dears?" "Oh we had to walk many places in the snow to-day getting ready for Christmas you know," the children answered with happy smiles. "Well," said grandma, "hang your stockings in the chimney corner to dry and get to bed." The children obeyed and were soon fast asleep in their little cots.

They slept on till late in the night and suddenly awakened to find the room was full of light. They turned to the fireplace where the logs were still burning a little, but there they saw for a moment the kind loving face of an old man. He wore a long beard that was white as snow and his eyes shone with the beautiful light that filled the room.

Suddenly he went up the chimney, and the room was dark again. The children listened and heard a faint sound of sleigh bells. They ran to the window and saw for a moment, two wonderful reindeer bounding away over the housetops, drawing behind them a sleigh in which the old man rode. As they crept softly back to bed, they whispered to each other, "It must have been one of the good Saints."

Christmas morning when Hans and Freda rose to dress they found their stockings, that they put in the chimney corner, filled with beautiful toys and Christmas gifts. The children clapped their hands in glee and said: "Now we know the old man who came to us was one of the dear good Saints."

This was long, long ago. Now, good children all over the world hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, and they call the kind saint Santa Claus.

## Christmas Observance.

Properly or improperly, the observance of Christmas is well nigh universal in Christendom, even among those that ignore the anniversaries of our Lord's death and resurrection and of the descent of the Holy Spirit. There is another curious fact, the celebration of Christmas has been oftener perverted than that of any other festival. Various customs of heathen origin were connected with it in the middle ages, these abuses led many of the English and Scotch reformers to oppose any celebration of the day. But as a festival in the household it has now become so dear to children that we must observe it.

## CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

## Gallaudet Birthday Celebration.

## MR. LONG'S POEM READ.

Salmagundi.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was celebrated here at the college on Tuesday night, instead of on Monday. It has been the custom to have a celebration on the 10th of December for the past few years and to have a half holiday on the 11th. But this year the city's centennial celebration was to come off on the 12th and it was deemed best to postpone the exercises one day, and have a whole holiday on the next—12th. The exercises took the form of a concert in which both members of the faculty and students took part. They were opened by a few remarks by Prof. Hall. He was followed by Miss Hall, I.C., who recited the following poem, written by Mr. J. S. Long, '89:—

ON GALLAUDET'S BIRTHDAY.

December 10, 1900.

Each country has its cherished name  
Of patriot or sage;  
Each war of freedom gives to fame  
A name for heritage.

But victories of peace exceed  
The victories of war;  
And greater than the man or deed:  
The cause he battles for.

And he who wears his life away  
In some great cause of right,  
Deserves the wreath as much as they  
Who perish in the fight.

And stone may mark a soldier's mound,—  
Perpetuate a name;  
But in the hearts of men is found  
The truest test of fame.

Now, while we meet in honor of  
Our benefactor's birth,  
We'll join our words of praise and love  
With feasting, song and mirth.

Emancipator of the mind,  
By deafness held in thrall;  
Of lives, by nature, doomed to find  
The bitterness and gall.

He helped us apprehend the stars;  
He showed us to the light;  
He broke for us the prison bars  
That held us in the night.

Forsaken of the church and law,  
He spoke and bade us rise;  
The beauty of the earth we saw,  
And hope beyond the skies.

He spent his life in work and thought  
To better human kind;  
The battles of the weak he fought,  
In Knighthood of the mind.

We'll ne'er forget our debt to thee,  
Nor let thy fame decline;  
Our patron saint thou'lt ever be,  
As Hartford is our shrine.

And by our words and deeds we'll prove  
Some hearts are loyal yet,  
And beat with gratitude and love  
For you, dear Gallaudet.

Mr. Taylor, '01, came next with remarks "How Gallaudet became interested in the deaf, and what he sacrificed in becoming their teacher." Miss McPhail, '03, spoke up on the subject "No man liveth up to himself alone;" and then came Prof. Porter with "Reminiscences of Gallaudet." Mr. Clarke, '02, spoke upon "The measure and the man;" and Miss Lindstrom, '01, without him, what? President Gallaudet closed the program with remarks in the course of which he dwelt chiefly upon the loveliness of his father's character.

The city's centennial was celebrated with speech-making and parades. The Governors of many States were present with their staffs. President Gallaudet was a member of the committee of leading citizens, who were in charge of the ceremonies. He was in the parade, of course.

The G. C. A. A. met last Monday and decided to have an interclass bowling tournament during the Christmas holidays. At the meeting somebody introduced a resolution to have the old foot ball jerseys cleaned and given to the baseball team for use the coming season. It would seem that such a motion might have been easily disposed of, but not so; our "orators" debated it, pro and con, for just about one hour. It was finally passed. Who was it that said only a woman knows how to talk!

The "Lit" Board has just placed orders for a lot of about eighty or more books for the library. The list includes "Makers of History," by Abbott; works on American, English, Scotch and Irish Wit and Humor; works by Balzac and Dumas (French writers); Darwin's theory of evolution; History of Slavery in America, by Wilson; America before Columbus, by De Roo; History of Jerusalem, by Besant and Palmer; Seneca's Morals; Story of Carthage, by Church; Great Battles of the War, and Wounds in the Rain, by Crane; and these novels: Heir of Redclyffe, one of Cleopatra's nights, Tess of D'Urbervilles, Master Christian, To Have and to Hold, How the Other Half Lives, Eben Holden, The Reign of Law, Alice of Old

Vincennes, The Redemption of David Carson, Sorrows of Satan, East Lynne, The Deemster, The Bondsman, In the Palace of the King, Eleanor, Study in Scarlet; also some other books, among which might be mentioned, Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, Russia and the Russians, Castilian Days, 18 Christian Centuries, Friendships of Women, Black Beauty, Social Life in Old Virginia, and others.

The Rev. Job Turner was a visitor one day last week. Prof. Day gave the second lecture of the faculty series for the year, Friday night. His subject was Siberia and the Russian Exile System.

The S. N. D. C. is to give a play on December 29th. Examinations begin Wednesday. Every one must go through the mill this year.

The Buff and Blue comes out to-morrow.

It is said that the Rev. Mr. Koehler held services for the deaf of the city at Trinity Parish church, but we do not know as to the report. If Mr. Koehler was in the city he failed to show up at the college.

R. S. T.

## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Herman Zorn departed this life on Thursday, December 13th, and was buried on the following Sunday, Rev. John Chamberlain officiating. Principal Currier, who taught Zorn when a boy, sent a beautiful cluster of white flowers. Herman Zorn was a manly little fellow in childhood, and had a sweet and kindly disposition all his life. He had no enemies, and bore no ill will to any living being. He had been outrageously defrauded by two hearing brothers, who decamped with the fortune that brought him a comfortable income. But, for all that, he endured his loss with patience and humility and a forgiving spirit. He made a living, and supported his wife (nee Mary Kelley), by doing odd jobs at wood work. He was a natural genius in wood carving, but never had any instruction in the line of its development. Herman Zorn became deaf at the age of nine years. He was born on June 18th, 1866, and on the Fourth of July, 1875, the discharge of a cannon rendered him almost totally deaf. He entered the New York Institution as a pupil, on March 18th, 1878, and left in June, 1883. He leaves a wife and two children, who will be in destitute circumstances unless the help of the charitable is forthcoming.

The meeting of the Brooklyn Guild last Thursday evening, was decidedly lively. The cause was the election of new officers, and the chief prize seemed to be the presidency. A large number of mutes were present, including many ladies. The balloting began about nine o'clock. The vote for president resulted as follows: Moore 2, Wilkinson 1, Rusk 1, Reynolds 18. Dunlap was unanimously elected vice-president. This was a compliment alike to his wife, who shows great interest in the Guild's entertainments, and his own qualifications. For recording secretary, H. Conlon defeated W. G. Gilbert, by a vote of 13 to 7. For treasurer, H. L. Juhring had in reality a walk over, beating his opponent out of sight; while no one cared to risk a bout with the redoubtable Leo Greis, who was unanimously re-elected corresponding secretary.

The ball of the Union League on January 5th, will be an all-night affair. From indications, it will be overwhelmingly a Lexington Avenue School affair, with the pleasant feature of the presence of a good many out-of-town visitors, who happen to be warm friends of the members of the fifteen-year-old organization. The souvenirs, to be given to the ladies, have been imported from a distant part of the world, and are now in storage, and there are two hundred of them, so there is no danger of a shortage. The committee specially desires it to be known that every gentleman going to the ball, should bring a lady with him, as the expense will positively be not over two dollars for the night.

Manager Kenner, of the Lexington A. A. foot ball team, writes "I have just made arrangements for an indoor-football game between the Lexington A. A. (deaf-mutes) and Mercury A. C., which will take place on the eve of Washington's birthday, on February 21st, at the American Horse Exchange. All of which was agreed upon by the two contesting parties. The success which attended last year's game stimulates the Lexingtons to make another show. This promises to be the last battle, as many of the deaf-mutes will bid adieu to the pigskin, notably Bernhardt, and probably H. Miller."

The deaf of Yonkers are getting up a party to attend the Pan-

American Exposition, at Buffalo, this coming summer. Rochester, N. Y., will be made the rendezvous for a couple of days, previous to the invasion of the city of Bisons. There is a common bond between the deaf of Yonkers and Rochester, and it is safe to say that things will whoop up warm, when the meeting takes place.

Matthew Schuttler, a former Chicago citizen, regrets very much that he did not see Mr. O. H. Regensburg, when the latter was in this city. Mr. Joe Sonneborn accompanied Mr. Regensburg to the house where Mr. and Mrs. Schuttler live, but they failed to find the couple at home. Mr. and Mrs. Schuttler were at the basket ball game between Yale and the "Silent Five."

There is a Swedish gentleman, apparently about twenty-five years old, who attends St. Ann's Church occasionally. His name is Sadine, and he is said to have become deaf after attaining to manhood.

Mrs. Atkinson, of New Jersey, with her little daughter, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bothner, at their cosy flat near Morningside Park, for several days lately.

William Scott Abrams proved himself a hero on Saturday last, by putting out a fire in West 124th Street, near Eight Avenue, before the firemen reached the scene.

Miss Lou Little has gone to Philadelphia, after a month pleasantly spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Heyman.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine spent Sunday last in East Orange. N. J., as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lincoln Thomas.

Miss Tillie Hericht, of Norwalk, Ct., spent a few days in the city last week.

## SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

DECEMBER 25TH, FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 10 A.M.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh, 3.30 P.M. Holy Communion.

Christmas, Holy Communion in St. Ann's at 10.30 A.M.

St. Stephen's Day, Wednesday, December 26th, 8 P.M. Second anniversary of the Consecration of St. Ann's. Sermon by Rev. H. Van Allen. Combined service.

St. John the Evangelist's Day, Thursday, December 27th, 8 P.M. Christmas Tree in the Guild Room. Admission fee 25 cents, paid at the door.

The gift of ten dollars for the old ladies at the Gallaudet Home, has been thankfully received from Miss Lucy Gilbert, of North Cothont, N. Y.

DECEMBER 30TH, SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 10 A.M., and 3 P.M.

## JANUARY.

3d, Thursday, 8 P.M., Parishioners meeting in St. Ann's and Guild room.

10th, Thursday, 8 P.M., lecture by Prof. Clarke, of the New York Institution, on "Utah and the Mormons."

17th, A fishing party 'under the auspices of the Guild of Silent Workers for the benefit of St. Ann's Church.

## And There were in the Same Country.

8. "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

10. And the angel said unto them: Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying.

14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke, Chap. 11.

About 20,000 letters are addressed to Queen Victoria yearly from her subjects. Those that are not stamped are not forwarded by the officials. The Queen's letters have precedence of all others, and are forwarded to Windsor by special messenger from the general post-office.

## PHILADELPHIA.

## The Banquet an Enthusiastic Affair.

## TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

## Last Week's Wedding—And Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Here, as in other cities, GALLAUDET DAY was the day of days last week in the "silent world." A beautiful, yet unostentatious, celebration marked it. A banquet it was, as the readers already know. While the attendance was limited to one sex, there was hardly any other restriction. It was the purpose of the committee which had the matter in charge to make it a popular banquet—i.e., one representative of the deaf of Philadelphia. That it succeeded as such is a fact which we shall presently prove. At the same time we are willing to admit that the celebration might have assumed a much larger proportion if an event that entailed less expense had been arranged. Again, it would have been still larger if it had not been necessary to exclude the ladies.

These facts seem to suggest a change in the mode of future celebrations, which we may well consider before deciding on another banquet for Gallaudet Day.

A more pleasant and agreeable event than that by which our deaf celebrated the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, at Boothby's Cafe, Chestnut Street near Thirteenth, on Monday evening, 10th, could not be had for so little cost. The menu was an excellent one, and the service was, to say the least, admirable. The banquet-room itself was just adapted to the deaf, affording all the privacy desired, and its decorations, simple and chaste, suggested a miniature garden. The table was shaped, with the line at the left for the head. On the wall, back of the toastmaster's seat, two large American flags lent their benign influence to the occasion. Beautiful bouquets of white and pink roses were distributed on the table and an exquisite fern plant mutely faced the toastmaster. At the foot of each of the two projecting ends of the table which pointed to the entrance stood majestic palm trees, under the shade of which the guests passed to their seats at the festive board.

Covers were laid for thirty-two persons, and at the appointed hour, nine o'clock, every seat was occupied. By invitation, Rev. J. M. Koehler offered a prayer of Thanksgiving to God for having sent his servant, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, to bestow upon the deaf of America the blessing of education, and for the fruits of his labor, which have since resulted.

The following menu was then served:

MENU.  
Blue Points, Half Shell  
Celery Olives Radishes  
Chicken Broth with Chicken  
Filet de sole Amande  
Lobster Coutelets Lobster Sauce  
Roast Turkey Cranberry Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes Peas  
Salad a la Bohemy  
Neapolitan Creams Fancy Cakes  
Coffee

It was eleven o'clock when the last course was served. The toastmaster, Mr. S. G. Davidson, then rose and said that the "flow of bowl" had exhausted itself, so that he would now introduce the "flow of soul," and, as a beginning, he proposed the first toast to "Gallaudet," by which the Gallaudet triumphate was meant. Rev. J. M. Koehler responded to it at length, after a few introductory remarks of a humorous nature. "Present Day Education of the Deaf," was treated by Dr. A. L. E. Cronter, in a way which made him seem far from the ultra-oralist which many take him to be. He certainly impressed us with his frankness, so much so that he was frequently interrupted by applause. Then came "And Lang Syne," by Mr. William H. Lipsett, who, however, did not seek operative honors, but instead amused the banqueters with some old-school reminiscences. "Old Broad and Pine" also afforded a fine opportunity for recounting the good times and droll incidents connected with the "old stand," and Mr. J. D. Kirkhuff recalled how the boys and girls used to talk surreptitiously through the windows of the school wings and write love letters to each other, etc. He spoke in his characteristic way, punctuating each statement with laughter, and at times several of those present wanted to assist him in recalling events all at one time, causing disorder and amusement all around, which seemed to please Mr. Kirkhuff greatly.

Shortly after this there came an abrupt end to the speechmaking, which was as disappointing, if not more, as the time when the doors of

Lyric Hall were shut on the New Yorkers, noses, on the early morning of December 7th.

Mr. Charles Partington was permitted to take a flashlight picture of the scene, and, while preparing for a second one, some one discovered that it was well after midnight and gave the alarm. There was another flash, and then the professors from Mt. Airy went scurrying for their coats and hats, and the next thing we knew of them they were sprinting to the Station to catch the last train.

Thus it happened that more than half of the toasts on the list were dropped. They were the following:

De l'Epee.....A. J. Sullivan  
The Possibilities of the Deaf.....F. W. Booth  
Our Absent Ones.....Thomas Breen  
Deaf Teachers of the Deaf.....A. J. McIlvaine, Jr.  
.....A. J. McIlvaine, Jr.  
The Deaf at Home.....R. S. Reider  
.....K. M. Ziegler

The following is a complete list of those who attended the banquet: Mr. S. G. Davidson, Dr. A. L. E. Cronter, Rev. J. M. Koehler, Mr. J. D. Kirkhuff, Mr. F. W. Booth, Mr. Harris Taylor, Mr. Barton Sensenig, Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., Messrs. Geo. T. Sanders, A. J. Sullivan, R. M. Ziegler, Henry R. Smith, Ira Poorman, Wm. F. Durian, E. D. Wilson, R. E. Underwood, Harry Smith, R. J. King, Thomas Breen, Joseph Mayer, Jr., Wm. H. Lipsett, Levi Cooper, Edward Me'zel, James Robb, Herbert Scott, E. A. McCarthy, Dey Sullivan, Daniel Paul, Jr., William Lee, M. C. Fortescue, Chas. Partington, and J. S. Reider.

The De l'Epee Catholic Deaf-Mutes' Association celebrated the 108th anniversary of the birth of its namesake by an entertainment at its room, 732 Pine Street, on Wednesday evening, December 5th. About forty deaf attended. The first part of the entertainment consisted of speeches on the life of De l'Epee, and then there was an exhibition of magic tricks given by Mr. John Kohlmann, Jr., a deaf-mute. After this the guests present enjoyed themselves in a social way, partaking of refreshments, and social intercourse until a late hour.

Saturday evening, December 8th, a reception was held at All Souls' Hall in recognition of it being the twelfth anniversary of the Consecration of All Souls' Church. The stereopticon exhibition postponed from Thanksgiving evening, was given through the kind assistance of Mr. C. R. Pancoast, of St. Peter's Church, Germantown, and was very successful. The audience was taken on a flying trip around the world, which consumed about an hour's time. Mr. Pancoast, who is a gentleman of fine physique, about six feet tall, expressed his surprise at seeing so many deaf people present, there being about a hundred and fifty of them, and did not conceal his interest in them and their church. After the exhibition an address was made by the Pastor, and, on motion of Mr. Reider, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Pancoast.

All the people present were then treated to refreshments, consisting of ice-cream and cakes, which the ladies of the church had generously provided, and the remainder of the time was spent socially.

The Thanksgiving Birthday Bag Party netted the expense fund of All Souls' Church the snug sum of nearly \$47.

The Fair, held at Calvary Church Germantown, in aid of All Souls' Church, on the afternoon and evening of December 5th, although a small affair, was the means of raising \$70, clear of expenses. Great credit is due to the young ladies, who managed it.

Anent the marriage of Mr. John B. O'Rourke and Mrs. Maggie Eaton, reported in our last letter, we have the following additional news to give. Among the numerous wedding presents received were the following: A dinner set from Miss Sallie McGinnis, sister of the bride; toilet set, Miss L. Kelly, also one from Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Rourke; cut glass punch bowl, Jas. McGinnis; silver knives and forks, Mr. and Mrs. P. Donohue; tapestry table cloth, Michael Sweeney; silk tapestry curtain, Michael Ryan; china silk scarf, quilt and other furnishings, and kitchen utensils, Mr. and Mrs. S. Martin; nickel plated tea and coffee pots and water kettle, Miss L. Geary; framed pictures, Miss Mary Kane, and K. Muselman; silver sugar ladle and butter knife, Miss M. Smith; silver table spoons, J. F. O'Neil; tidies, Miss D. Manning; crucifix and candlesticks, Harry Stoner; crucifix, Miss M. O'Rourke; statue of St. Anthony, De l'Epee Club; rugs, William and James Kelly; two oil cloths, W. Martin; ornaments and sofa pillow, Miss Katie McGinnis; vases, Mrs. U. Doltz and Miss A. Dafferty; jelly ladle, J. D. Kirkhuff; gravy ladle, Miss M. Brewer; several checks for money from relatives of the bride groom; a completely furnished house from M. O'Rourke, father of the groom; gilt clock, R. McKean; two framed pictures, D. Martin; Singer sewing machine, feather bed, one pair blankets, and quilt from Mrs. C. McGinnis, mother of the bride; silver teaspoons, one pair blankets, white spread, and feather bed from Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke; set of sad-irons, from Master M.

McGinnis; framed picture, J. McIntyre; diamond ear-rings and brooch from the groom; vases, from friends; fancy vase, Miss Rose Ward; berry dishes, Mrs. K. Noe; oak rocking chair, Misses Fenney; mahogany rocker, Mrs. N. McElwee; clock with statue, Miss M. Kelly; coal and provisions from the Torresdale farm of the

Mr. R. M. Ziegler will give a reading of Julius Caesar before the Pittsburgh deaf, on December 27th.

Three births among the deaf, on three successive days, occurred here week before last.

December 5th—A boy took refuge in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Zang.

December 6th—A bonny girl came to Mr. and Mrs. James Dougherty.

December 7th—A son brought joy to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Seneca F. Large, of Doylestown. Congratulations to all!

All Souls' Christmas festival will be held on the evening of December 26th.

Rev. O. J. Whildin officiated at All Souls' Church last Sunday afternoon, while Rev. Mr. Koehler took his place in Baltimore.

Miss Luella H. Little returned to Philadelphia, on Saturday, and is stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Reider. She will probably go west next week.

Misses Katie Gorton, of Plymouth and Isabella Mahon, of West Phila., are employed at the Institution laundry again.

## CHICAGO.

The wife of George Taylor was the most happy recipient of an elegant hickory "Morris Folding Rocker," which was presented to her on her birthday, by her old friends, Thursday, December 13th. The presentation was carried out by the bright idea of Mrs. Jacob Gotthaimer.

Mrs. E. S. Grout will receive on New Year's Day, from 4 to 10 P.M., at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. C. G. Gustason, Park Gate Hotel, 63rd Street and Stony Island Avenue.

The Ladies' Aid Society has decided to have a Christmas Tree, at the First Methodist chapel, Monday, December 24th, and invites Good Santa Claus to bring as many useful and needy presents as he can carry on his back. Mrs. Bowers is the Chairman. Come one! Come all!

The Deaf-Mute Club will hold a Christmas tree at Wicker Hall, Saturday December 22d, for little children.

The deaf-mutes of Chicago miss Mr. Edwards' letters greatly, and hope he will soon be himself again and continue to send news to the JOURNAL.

## Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes held its twenty-eighth anniversary in Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., on Sunday, December 16th, at 7.30 P.M. The service was conducted by the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Osborne and his assistant, and was interpreted to deaf-mutes by the Rev. Drs. Gallaudet and Chamberlain, and Mr. S. M. Brown, lay-reader.

The General Manager, Dr. Gallaudet, reported the work of the society explained the sign language, and gave some account of the education of deaf-mutes and the progress of Church Missions among them.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes was incorporated in 1872, to promote the welfare of the silent people after they leave school.

For the year ending September 30th, 1900, the missionaries of this Society, have held their religious services for deaf-mutes in ten different places in the Dioceses of New York, Long Island and Connecticut. They have ministered to many sick and poor. They have found work for the unemployed. It has taken nearly \$5,000 from the general fund to pay salaries, to meet the calls of those in distress and to provide for incidentals.

The Society has founded the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. The original buildings were burned on Sunday night, February 18th. The inmates escaped but lost everything. They have been cared for in a rented house in Poughkeepsie, \$48,000 have been collected to build a new fire-proof Home, on the old site upon our farm by the Hudson, between New Hamburg and Poughkeepsie. We trust the new Home will be finished next year. It has taken about \$7,000 to maintain the Home for the year, the expense being unusually large owing to the fire.

One great object of the Society is to bring deaf-mutes into pastoral relations. Many have been baptized, confirmed, and received to the Holy Communion. Deaf-mutes spend many years in the Institutions, learning to read and write the English language. They find great help in using the Prayer Book with their Bibles. This Society has pioneered much church work among the deaf-mutes of the United States.

THOMAS GALLAUDET.



# OHIO.

## Over \$100 for the Home in Columbus,

## AND ALSO A CHARITY BALL.

## Which Will net Quite a Pile.— Other Newsy Items.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Columbus contingent having the welfare of the Home for Aged Deaf in view, started on a campaign of getting the withal. The operations were commenced early in the Fall, and thus far success has attended every undertaking. The first skirmish, or the idea of it, was suggested by Superintendent Jones. This was the preparation of some views about the Home, printing a short sketch thereof, stating some of the most urgent needs of the institution, and sending the matter to about two hundred prominent people of the city, asking them to lend their aid financially as a Thanksgiving offering to the worthy charity. Responses thereto have come in with nearly one hundred dollars, and the end is not yet. Some of the other large cities will be asked later to help along the good work.

The second "skirmish" for the \$8 was the Charity Ball which came off last evening at the Institution. Steward Earhart was Chairman of the Committee, and to him is due a large part for financial success. All the officers and teachers enlisted in the cause and resolved to make the affair a success. How well they worked is evidenced by the receipts, \$600, already in, and more to come. It is likely \$700 worth of tickets were sold. Deducting the expenses for music and incidentals, there will be quite a little pile left.

Of the ball itself, it was a fine affair. It was given in the main dining hall. Between three hundred and four hundred people attended. The orchestra from the Blind Institution furnished the music. A number of prominent people of the city were in attendance, and all whom we have inquired of pronounce it to have been a most enjoyable entertainment. The girls' recreation hall had been prepared to be used in case the dining-room became too small to hold the crowd, and at times it seemed that the room was too full, but the people seemed loth to divide up. Refreshments in the shape of ices, soft drinks and wafers, were served during the evening at the north end of the room. The tables were in charge of pupils.

A deplorable and fatal accident occurred Thursday afternoon to one of the Institution employees, Mr. David Lewis, assistant electrician. He was crossing Gay Street on High, when a rapidly driven beer wagon ran into him, knocking him down and running over him. Three ribs were broken besides sustaining internal injuries. He was taken to the Protestant Hospital, where he died in the evening. He leaves a wife and two married daughters. The remains were taken to Mt. Vernon, Ohio, his former home, for burial. He had been employed in the Institution for about two years.

It was moving day with the art teacher, Mr. Ernest Zell, Saturday. He with the assistance of some of his boy pupils moved the effects of the Art Studio in the shop building over to the D floor of the new school building. The Art rooms occupy the whole section north of the stairway on this floor. There are two large rooms, one for painting, and the other for carving, besides anterooms. They are all well lighted, and a great contrast to the dingy small rooms the classes have heretofore used.

The result of the foot ball game between the "Harvard" and "Yale" teams, composed of players of the Institution, ended in favor of the "Harvards." The game was well played, and a large crowd witnessed it. The first half resulted 0 to 0; but in the latter half the "Yale" boys showed signs of lagging, and as a consequence lost the game.

Col. French, a well known traveler and lecturer, was here last Saturday evening and entertained the children with a stereopticon exhibition of views of Alaska and Cuba, which pleased them much.

Gallaudet day was observed here Monday with special exercises at the morning services, besides some of the teachers in their class rooms talked to their pupils of Gallaudet's work, in connection with the chapel service. The large portrait of Gallaudet, which hangs to the left of the chapel stage, was on this occasion hung in the center back of the speakers.

Following programme was carried out:

1. Introductory remarks, Mr. Patterson.  
2. Biographical Sketch, Mr. Odobrecht.  
3. His Works do Follow Him, Mr. McGregor.

4. Personal Recollections, Mr. Atwood.  
5. Dextology in Concert.  
6. Prayer.

Some one having a penchant for canned fruit has been at the cellar of Mr. and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rice and helping themselves with their winter's supply. A raid was made again Thursday night, and Mrs. Rice, in the morning, discovered to her sorrow that 15 quarts of peaches, one quart of peach butter and half a gallon of cherries, and two gallons of apple butter, were missing.

Mr. Bert Wornstaff was at the Institution Sunday. He states that the damages to his father's bank building, which a gang of bank robbers recently tried to blow up, and loot the bank of a large sum of money, are not as great as the news reported. The damages were mostly to the safe—\$500 will cover that. After all, the attempted burglary seems a good thing for the bank, for since then business has increased twofold.

Mr. Ezra Hedges came up from his home yesterday, and attended the charity ball at the Institution in the evening.

The Kingry brothers, Simon and Alonzo, and Mr. C. C. Neuner, who have been at work in Green Lawn Cemetery since Spring, have been laid off for the season. They were employed keeping the grounds in good condition.

Mrs. Meleta Scott, for some years employed in the State bindery, has been taken to her home in Morgan County. She had been in one of the City Hospitals for some time, suffering from blood poisoning, and it is feared she may not recover. The bindery people kindly got up a purse to defray her expenses home. Dec. 15, '00. A. B. G.

## An Embryo Rival of Helen Keller.

(From the Jackson, Miss., News)

The second Helen Keller, the wonderful deaf and dumb and blind prodigy of Alabama, is at present an inmate of the Deaf and Dumb Institute of this city.

Her name is Maud Scott, of Calhoun county. She is six years old and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Scott, of Denton. Neither of her parents are deaf or dumb, yet two of her brothers are deaf and dumb. One of the them is in the institution in this city and the other at home. Mr. Scott, the father of the little girl, is a farmer, and a prosperous man. Little Maud was born deaf and she lost her sight three months after her birth, from very sore eyes. She has therefore been doubly afflicted all her life.

A News reporter hearing of this afflicted little one some days ago arranged an appointment with superintendent Dobyns of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, to call on her and this morning was set as the time.

SEE IS A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

The little tot has a beautiful face and is a decided blond. She has classical features and bids fair to develop into a handsome woman, notwithstanding her double affliction, she is of happy, sunny disposition, and loves to sit in a big arm chair and croon to herself.

A BABY IN MIND.

The little one entered the institution on the 5th day of November, and did not know how to walk by herself. She walked only by holding tightly with both hands to some person or object. She has now learned to walk very well, by simply holding by one hand. She has also learned to go round her room from one piece of furniture to another. She is now beginning to walk alone by passing from one person or object to another. She holds to the person or object and reaches out her foot in search of another, then summoning her courage, lets go and takes a step or two to the next object. She has been taught that when she drops anything she is handling to feel on the floor or in her lap for it.

NOVEL WAY TO QUIET HER.

It is well known that the deaf derive their sensation of pleasure from the eye, while the blind derive theirs from a sense of touch and hearing. This little unfortunate girl is deprived of both sight and hearing and the kind teachers at the institution have found a novel way to quiet her. This morning when she was brought into the presence of the News man she was gently sobbing and seemed to be out of humor. Professor Dobyns gently opened her mouth and gave her a light tap on the teeth. The effect was electrical. She ceased to cry and a smile lit up her face. Prof. Dobyns said that this was the only method of quieting her or of pleasing her. It is known that there are never any connect with the teeth and brain which are brought into play by gently tapping the teeth.

VERY AFFECTIONATE

The little one is very affectionate and loves to be petted. She will reach up for any one who is petting her and try to pull them down to her around the neck. She has a merry, happy, natural laugh.

WONDERFUL CHANGE.

Superintendent Dobyns says that notwithstanding the fact she has only been in the institution a month,

he sees a great change in her and she is learning to walk up and down stairs, which she knew nothing about when she entered school. While she is six years old she is an infant in mind. Her parents did not undertake to teach her at home, but simply took the best of care of her.

WON'T BEGIN FOR A YEAR.

Superintendent Dobyns says that it is not probable they will begin to teach her words or even letters for a year yet. She has to be taught to handle herself and objects well first. Superintendent Dobyns says that she has a bright, clear mind, and he is of the opinion that she will learn rapidly.

THE METHODS TO BE EMPLOYED.

It will require a wonderful amount of patience to teach her and Superintendent Dobyns in outlining the probable method that will be employed said that when they began to teach her, that for instance they would take the word bread. This would be spelled out on the fingers of the teacher, and the little one would be directed to take the hand of the teacher and get the formation of each letter. Then she would be given a piece of bread, and at the same time taught the word on the raised letters of the blind. Thus her mind would become thoroughly associated with the word. This will have to be repeated hundreds and hundreds of times, and the same process will be gone through with each object or article she is being taught.

Of course after she learns one word it will be a great deal easier to learn others. The word walk will be given her and she will be directed to walk as she spells the word on her hands. Then the word girl will be given her, and the word walk will be associated with the word girl, giving a connected sentence. When she has mastered with words and learned their significance, a start will have been made on her education. It will require an infinite amount of patience and tenderness to start her on her education.

CHANGED COURSE OF LIFE.

When the father of the little girl brought her to the institution he remarked to Prof. Dobyns that he had a bigger job on his hands than he knew anything about; that the little one had turned night into day—sleeping in the day time and remaining awake at night. The first two nights she was at the institution she remained awake, but the third day she was not allowed to go to sleep, and was kept walking all day and had her face washed every hour or so. That night she slept well and has given no trouble since.

IS PET OF INSTITUTION.

The little girl is the pet of the institution, and Superintendent Dobyns and all the faculty are taking a great interest in her and will do everything to make her in time a rival of the wonderful Helen Keller, the blind and deaf and dumb prodigy of Alabama.

A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

A WORKMAN ON A PAN-AMERICAN BUILDING SWIFT FROM HIS LOFTY PERCH IN THE RECENT GALE.

The great wind storm which did so much damage in Tennessee and other Southern States on November 21, blew through Buffalo at the rate of 90 miles an hour. Fear was entertained for the safety of the buildings of the Pan-American Exposition, but they are of such substantial construction that they sustained no special injury. The only damage done of any consequence was to the building in course of erection on the Midway for the Cyclorama of Missionary Ridge. The was at such a stage of construction that it could not be braced against the storm and the framework was blown away.

A workman in the top staging of the big Horticulture Building had a wonderful escape from death when the first gust struck the grounds. He was working at a height of 120 feet from the ground. The wind lifted him from his lofty perch like a straw. Death seemed his certain fate when, grasping in his rapid flight at anything which came his way, his hand touched a swaying rope attached to a derrick which carries material from the ground to the top of the building. Gripping the rope with the desperation of a dying man, he was carried clinging to it far out from the building. To get back was an impossibility with the wind blowing him in the opposite direction, and he feared he could not cling long enough to the rope in that gale to descend hand over hand, so he slid the entire length of the rope, 120 feet, to the ground. His hands were burned to the bone and the blood was dripped from them when was taken to the hospital on the grounds, but his life was saved.

In the 16th century there was a curious law in England whereby street hawkers were forbidden to sell plums and apples, for the reason that servants and apprentices were unable to resist the sight of them, and were consequently tempted to steal their employers' money in order to enjoy the costly delicacies.

# FANWOOD.

## The Protean Society Gives an Entertainment.

## FINE SCENERY AND GOOD ACTING.

## A Brief Description of the Play, and Other Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The last meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association for the present term, which was held last Saturday night, will be long remembered by those who attended it. The meeting was in the hands of the Protean Society, composed of the cadet-officers of this school, who gave an entertainment in four parts. The committee consisted of First-Sergeant Dyer, Chairman, and Captains Reiff and Renner. First-Sergeant A. Stern was chosen as stage manager, and Capt. W. Renner as assistant stage manager.

The scenery was painted by the art classes, under the direction of the Art Instructor, Miss G. M. Le Prince. The principal scenery for the first, second, and third parts, was ten feet high and ran nearly twenty-feet in length. It was a fine picture of San Juan Hill with the block houses and palms, and in fact so realistic that it would have done credit to any painter. The scenery of the sides was changed in the first and second parts so as to be appropriate with the play. The fourth part required a wholly different scene from the others, but they were prepared for this. On the other side of the San Juan scenery, was painted a garden wall with ivy, and hollyhocks blossoms growing up and by it. The right side was also a part of the wall, while on the left was a cottage. This scene was made to resemble that of a garden. A strip of paper three feet wide and of the same length as the wall, was put up above it. On this was painted a distant scene of a beautiful hilly region, with the houses and church steeple rising in the distance beyond.

At seven o'clock the teachers, officers, and pupils, and also a few visitors, filed into the chapel. Fifteen minutes later the curtains were drawn aside, and the entertainment, began, continuing until a little after nine o'clock. Below is the programme, and cast of characters, minus the heading only:

PART I.

"A SKIRMISH."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Capt. Capron (Am. Officer) S. J. Dyer  
E. Burke (Color Sergeant) A. C. Reiff  
J. Smith ..... A. C. Stern  
T. Hawkins ..... R. Anderson  
C. Wenzel ..... C. Brewer  
T. Brown ..... B. Zwoffe

(U. S. Volunteers.)  
Capt. Lozzo (Spanish Officer) H. Powell  
S. Oquendo ..... W. Renner  
G. Cervera ..... P. Fluhr  
J. Blanco ..... A. Berg  
V. Mendona ..... C. Seelig  
P. Camara ..... W. Heffernan

(Spaniards.)

PART II.

"THE RESCUE OF THE SPY."

Scene—San Juan.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Capt. Lescona (Spanish Officer) H. Powell  
Corp. Nunez ..... F. Fluhr  
B. Pizarro ..... W. Heffernan  
S. Diego ..... A. Berg

(Spaniards.)  
Thos. Warrior (American Spy) A. Reiff  
W. Mendez { Cubans } R. Anderson  
J. Capote { ..... J. Seelig  
C. Churchill { U. S. Sailors } W. Renner  
D. Lyons { ..... A. Stern

Capt. Barker, (American Officer) S. Dyer

Privates, by the Cadet Officers.

PART III.

Moving Tableaux.

The Red Cross Corps attending the wounded: Messrs. A. Stern and R. Anderson.

PART IV.

"THE FOUR LOVERS;"

OR,

LES RIVALES RENDEZVOUS."

(A Comedy in one Act.)

Madame Babet, a widow ..... S. J. Dyer  
Lauretta, her daughter ..... B. Zwoffe  
Antonete, her lover ..... W. Renner  
Bibo, the fool ..... A. C. Reiff  
Old Bibb, his father ..... A. C. Stern  
Milford Lead, a rich proprietor ..... H. Powell

Ritchcraft, his Secretary ..... C. Brewer  
Pastiss, colored servant ..... R. Anderson  
Peasants: W. Heffernan, J. Seelig, A. Berg and F. Fluhr.

TAPS.

A very brief description of the most important parts of each:

"The Skirmish"—A party of Americans go across the stage, and followed by the Spaniards, who make their camp on the platform. Oquendo raises a Spanish flag on the flagpole. While the Spaniards are at lunch, they are startled by the sharp report of a gun. The sentinel calls their attention to the volunteers, and the skirmish begins. Paper caps were used. At first the Spaniards gain. They are soon repulsed and beaten, but with heavy loss on each side. In

dashes the flagbearer, who sees the Spanish flag and tears it down, waving the Stars, and Stripes in its place.

"Rescue of the Spy."—As the curtain is drawn aside Capt. Lescona is seen to look over valuable papers about the American forces. He soon goes away to dinner, leaving the papers behind. The spy comes in, sees the papers, take them up and begins to read them. At this moment Corp. Nunez comes in. The spy flees, but is pursued by the corporal. Capt. Lescona returns and finds the papers gone. He calls two guards, Pizarro and Diego, to keep watch and then goes out. Meanwhile the guards capture two Cubans. Corp. Nunez returns with the spy he captured. The captain sends him off to prison, to be shot the next morning. The captain retires. The guards loot the Cuban prisoners and find a flask of drugged material which they drink and are soon fast asleep. The sailors wander into the camp and find the prisoners and spy. They rescue them all, and report to Capt. Barker about the camp they had unintentionally come upon. Capt. Barker and his men come and capture the Spanish captain and men. They are led away. The Spanish prisoners escape. They are discovered and Capt. Barker dispatches a messenger for his men while he kept watch. The Americans sally forth, led by the sailors, and after a hot skirmish come out victorious. The Americans who escaped with their lives cheer and—Curtain.

"The Moving Tableau."—Messrs. Stern and Anderson dressed as Red Cross soldiers and with litter, carry a wounded soldier from the stage, taking one step at a time, very slowly.

"The Four Lovers."—By the wall of this scene—described before—are placed a large water barrel, some straw and a large flour box. Madame Babet has a daughter Lauretta whom four lovers want to marry. Lauretta loves Antonete, a peasant, but the widow won't let them marry because the peasant has no money. In comes Old Bibb leading his son, a big boy so fat that his shirt measure might have been 57—and asks the widow to let his son marry her daughter, saying he has lots of money. The widow consents but Lauretta refuses. Old Bibb says he will come at one o'clock, and goes out with his son. Next comes Milford Lead, dressed in the most elaborate style, with his secretary. He asks to marry Lauretta, but Lauretta refuses. Ritchcraft, seeing his master go out, also proposes but is also rejected.

Madame Babet goes to market and Antonete comes in. Lauretta shakes his hands and while they are talking, some one knocks at the door. Lauretta tells Antonete it is the fat boy, and that she does not love him. She asks Antonete to put on her dresses and fool him and also the other lovers. Antonete consents, Lauretta brings in one of her dresses, puts it on Antonete. Antonete opens the door and the fat boy comes in, and as he is about to propose, a knock is heard at the door. The fat boy hides in the water barrel. The door is opened and in comes Milford Lead. As he is about to kiss Antonete's hand again the door is knocked. Milford hides under the straw. Ritchcraft comes in but is compelled to hide in the flour box because Madame Babet knocked at the door. Antonete calls Lauretta, tells her that the widow is at the door, and also where the lovers are concealed, throws off his female attire and runs out. Madame Babet comes in and is soon surprised to see Old Bibb, who asks where his son is, but is told that she does not know. Babet calls Antonete and orders him to fill the water barrel. Antonete gets a pail of water and pours it all over Bibb. After apologizing, Antonete is told to trash the straw. This he does with the aid of two peasants until Milford emerges from his hiding place, jumping with pain. All laugh at him and Antonete is sent to fill the flour box. Ritchcraft is covered by the flour and gets out, blowing flour in everyone's face. Madame Babet asks the three lovers to marry her daughter, but each refuses, blaming Lauretta for their troubles because she made them hide in the different places. Antonete asks to be allowed, but is refused because has no money. Milford Lead pities him and presents him with a bag of gold, which Antonete gives to the widow. Lauretta and Antonete kneel and Madame Babet marries them, gives them her blessings and then the curtain.

The four parts were very well done and received tremendous applause at the conclusion of each. The actors were dressed in appropriate costumes and acted finely, making the entertainment a complete success.

A few minutes after the last part was finished, the curtains were drawn aside again. The audience then saw the members of the Society standing in a row with placards hanging from their necks on which were painted the letters of "A MERRY CHRISTMAS." At a given signal from the "man behind the scenes," they all turned around, and on their backs the audience saw a "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Owing to the prevalence of small pox in the city, the Directors

ordered everyone in the Institution to be vaccinated. The work was done Friday and Saturday, by the Institution's physician.

Sunday was Visiting Day, but because of the nearness of the holidays, a small number of friends and relatives came to see their children.

Rev. Mrs. Chamberlain was a caller Saturday.

Mrs. Smith, of Plainfield, N. Y., is spending a few days as a guest of Miss Steadman, one of our teachers. Examinations for the fall term have begun and are going on in earnest.

Dr. Charlotte Benton, our dentist, has fully recovered from a sprained ankle which she sustained last month while stepping from a trolley car, and is now making her daily visits to the Institution.

Yuletide is near at hand, and the pupils are anticipating a happy time at home during the holidays. They will leave school on December 21st, returning on the 30 of January. Ye scribe will now finish his letter, wishing all the readers of this column a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

WILLIAM RENNER.

## THANKSGIVING.

Contributions to provide Thanksgiving cheer for families of deaf-mutes, in straightened circumstances were made as follows:—

E. A. Hodgson.....	50
E. C. Elsworth.....	25
Mrs. W. Buhle.....	25
Leo Bing.....	51
L. Fogazz.....	25
T. J. Lounsbury.....	25
I. N. Soper.....	25
Mr. and Mrs. Heyman.....	50
F. W. Meinken.....	1 00
A. L. Pach.....	50
M. E. Lewis.....	50
M. Glyn.....	10
C. B. Mann.....	10
F. B. Thompson.....	25
K. White.....	25
L. Jarboe.....	15
C. Odell.....	50
Miss Mackenzie.....	20
St. Matthew's Church, through	
Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.....	10 00
Mrs. J. Williams.....	2 00
A. Friend.....	1 00
Mrs. Pfeiffer.....	25
Miss N. Power.....	50
Miss Wymann.....	50
Mr. Kiville.....	50
Cash.....	27
A. A. Barnes.....	1 00
Mrs. Chamberlain.....	1 25
	\$25 58
EXPENDED.....	
For Turkeys.....	11 75
" Vegetables, fruits, coffee	
and sugar.....	7 50
" Postage.....	10
" Car fares.....	40
Distributed in cash.....	5 88
	\$25 58

Donations were also received as follows:

Mrs. E. H. Krans, 1 Turkey; John Ingebrand, 24 loaves of bread; Miss Jaycox, 2 cans of tomatoes, 2 cans of corn, 2 cans Nestle's milk; Mrs. F. B. Thompson, 5 packages H. O. flour; from Maycock's, 530 Columbus Avenue, donor's name not given, 1 bunch bananas, 1 bunch celery, 1 package onions, 1 package cranberries, 1 package sweet potatoes; from a hearing friend, 1 bottle of olives.

Distribution was made to 11 families and 4 individuals.

For the Committee,  
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

## HOW HE ANSWERED.

"Ritter" Tells the Deaf How He Filled Out the Blank Being Sent Out by "Expert" Bell.

E. A. HODGSON, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, New York:

Dear Sir:—In my mail to-day I received a blank circular letter sent out by the United States Office, signed "Alexander Graham Bell, Expert Special Agent."

Remembering that Congress refused to appropriate a PITIFUL small sum of money for an official census of the deaf, I now know why it so happened—the oralists did their sneaking business again.

I say in answer to different questions:

"Can he speak?" YES; WELL.  
"Can he read the lips?" A little.  
"Does he employ?"—speech, SOME; writing, MOST; finger-spelling, SOME; the "sign language," BEST OF ALL.

My usual means is writing, for the very good reason that if I use my speech, three-fourths of the people who speak to me, or I to them, will yell like thunder when they find I am deaf.

"What occupation does he follow for a livelihood, if any?" Foreman large printing office; associate editor semi-weekly; president State Association of the Deaf; aspires for Congress, and will fight to the last ditch every attempt to put "pure-oralism" in our State School.

"Additional remarks, if any." While at the State Institution I was generally a "show pupil," brought out at concerts and commencements by the "oral" people as a product (?) of their wonderful work. Fact is, I was a pretty talkative youngster, according to my mother, and went to public (hearing) school two or three seasons before becoming deaf.

[Signed] WM. C. RITTER.

My advice to the deaf of the country who receive these blanks is to answer them in this strain, and show "officially" our utter contempt for oralism and its backers.

## BALTIMORE, MD.

Charles and Lexington Streets are now thronged with Christmas shopping, and apparently all humanity is puzzling its brain over the questions of appropriated gifts. One past master in the art of advising on Christmas presents will pick out a beautiful smoking jacket, in the loveliest colors and harmonies that ever caught the fancy of a young woman, and the thing will land in the hands of a man, who has no more use for it than he has for a pair of rubber boots and a poncho blanket. No man, who has common sense, would attempt to buy a fatigue uniform for the woman of his family, but women are advised to plunge on neckties, suspenders and things of that sort, if they ever hit on the right thing, it is by accident. Buying a Christmas present is like matrimony. You buy what you happen to fancy, and trust to the fates to work it out all right. Where presents are prompted by sincere and intelligent motives they are given to those who are sure to appreciate them and the article is of less consequence than the deed. But where duty or fashion is the compelling impulse one thing is as liable to bit as another. In such cases shut your eyes, grab and hope for the best, and depend upon it your own judgment will pick out a misfit just as unique and inappropriate as the counsellors themselves will do when the time comes and they have their money.

Last week the Guild of the Deaf had a business meeting with Rev. O. J. Whildin engineering. The reports of the officers were read, aloud to the mutes, and were approved. Treasurer Reamy said that he had eighty-four dollars in cash—quite more than was expected. The new officers were elected. Mr. Whildin, president; Miss Lola Pettit, vice-president; Mr. H. T. Reamy, secretary and treasurer. At the conclusion of the business meeting, young deaf-mutes organized a new society known as "The Young People's Aid Society." The officers are: President, J. L. Unsworth; Vice-President, Miss Lola Pettit; Secretary, Mr. G. W. Boss; and Treasurer, Mr. Geo. Leitner. The young people will have an oyster supper and fair during the last week of January.

The Baltimore Savings Club had a business meeting at the house of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Amoss. Though the club is only one month old, it has over thirty-three dollars. After its business meeting the boys and girls were treated to hot cocoa, pies, apples, cakes and oranges, and enjoyed themselves.

There was a decided touch of winter last Thursday. The first real snow storm of the season came on at noon, and for an hour or two it looked as though there would be a heavy fall. By three o'clock in the afternoon, the sky had almost cleared, and every vestige of snow had disappeared from the streets.

The first skating of the season was enjoyed yesterday, by a number of young folks from Hampden and Waverly. Ye scribe was among them. The ice on the lakes at Notre Dame College is now about two and a half inches thick, and all the skaters are hoping the weather will continue cold, so they will have plenty of skating during the Christmas holiday.

Miss Mamie R. Stiegler has been confined in her room, since she returned home from her four weeks' visit in Belair. Rash-fever visits her every year. Poor Mamie.

On Wednesday December 12th, Miss Louise J. Sirman, daughter of Mr. and Mr. Isaac W. Sirman, of Salisbury, was married to Mr. Herman F. Thom, of Easton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Moynan, a well known Methodist preacher. Mr. and Mrs. Thom were seen at Eutaw M. E. Church, and their friends poured their congratulations upon them and wished them a happy married life.

Mr. Thom is a prosperous young man and is the manager of a bakery in Easton.

Mr. Frank Haight, of York, goes to see Miss Maggie Cooper, of Parkton, almost every week.

Manager Barnard Kelchner, of Rockville, took his foot-ball team to Frederick, to wrestle the strong Frederick foot-ball team, of which Mr. H. Creager, our "iron" man, is a member. The score was 26 to 6 in favor of Frederick. Creager played a great game, and was highly applauded by the spectators for his brilliant individual playing.

Rev. J. M. Koehler gave an interesting and instructive sermon before a good audience, while Rev. O. J. Whildin preached to the Quakers at Philadelphia. To-morrow he will give a fine (no doubt) lecture on China and its people.

There will be a big Carnival parade on December 31st, and some of us will take part in the parade.

The Baltimore Savings Club will not have a party on December 31st, because most of the members are going to join the parade.

Wish you all a Merry Christmas.

MYRTLE.

When Queen Victoria is robbed for a state occasion—a drawing room, for instance—it is no unusual thing for her to wear \$650,000 worth of jewelry.



1886

1901

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Jacob Keibey, 869 First Avenue, N. Y.  
William G. Gilbert, 485 St. John's Place, Brooklyn.  
Treasurer S. Frankenheim, 531 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Notice—Positively no tickets will be sold at the door.

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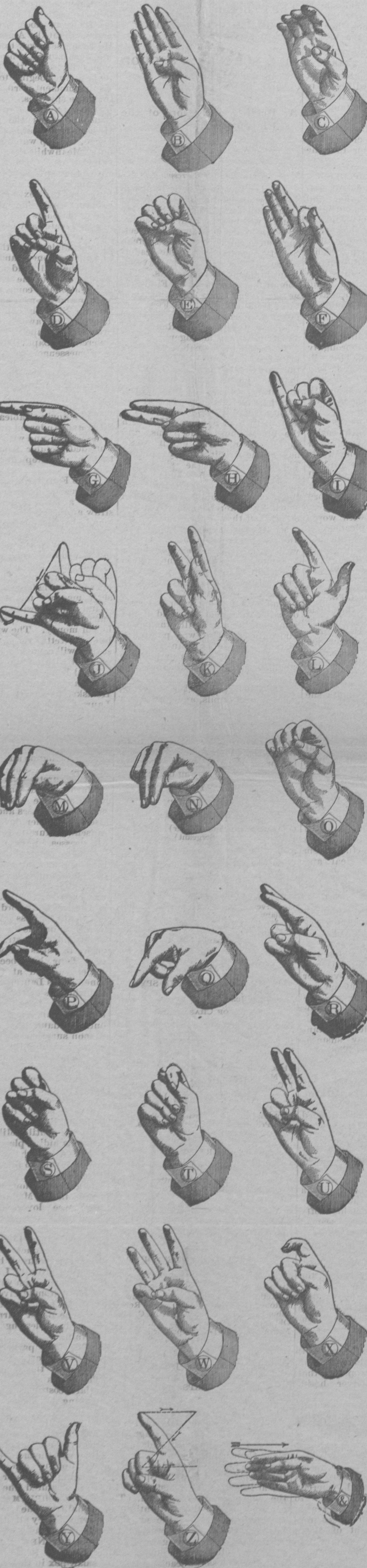
All communications should be addressed to Theo. S. Rose, 2 East 120th Street, New York.

### COMMITTEE:

THEO. S. ROSE (Chairman),

HERMAN LAMM, SEYMOUR GOMPRECHT,  
HERMAN HEERDT, WILLIAM H. KONKEL.

## American Manual Alphabet.



## Basket Ball

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FAMOUS YONKERS  
Y. M. C. A.

vs.  
DEAF-MUTE A. C.  
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DEFIANCE Basket Ball Team  
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vs.  
ALLIANCE Basket Ball Team  
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OF THE

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Deaf-Mute Society

FEBRUARY 21, 1901

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Newark, N. J.

The Committee,  
J. B. WARD, Chairman.

[Particulars later.]

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Every baited hook  
Catches a "Fish."

GIVEN BY THE

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IN THE GUILD ROOM OF

St. Ann's Church

148th Street, W. of Amsterdam Ave.

Thursday, Jan. 17, 1901

AT 8 P.M.

Tickets, including refreshments, 25c.

## CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

IN THE

GUILD ROOM

OF

St. Ann's Church

(for Deaf-Mutes)

ON

Thursday, Dec. 27, 1900.

ADMISSION - - - - - 25 cents.

Ladies are requested to donate cake.

MRS. W. BUHLE,

Committee.

## Groups

OR SINGLE PICTURES

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